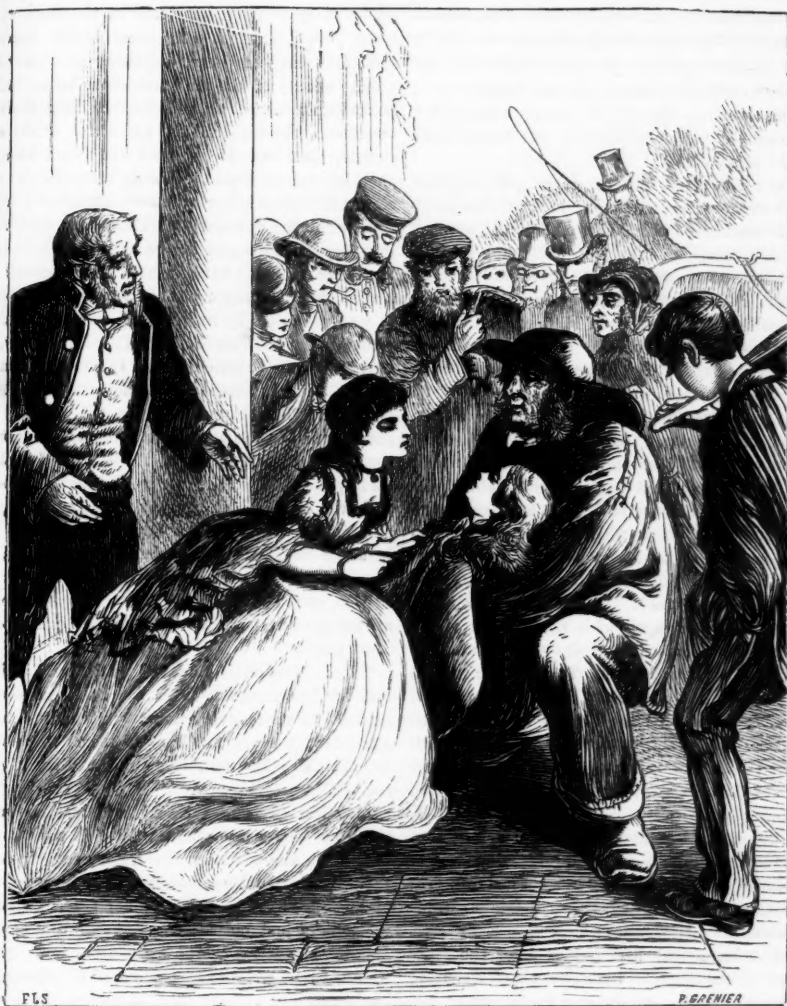


THE QUIVER

Saturday, May 20, 1871.



"I will take care of her"—p. 515.

TRIED.

BY F. M. F. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "A STORY OF VIONVILLE."

CHAPTER XVI.

IT was the evening after that on which Irene Clive had, for the first time, undergone the ordeal which had required on her part a courage and self-denial equal to that of her Spartan countrymen in the

days of old. The agony it caused her was so great, that the moment she had gained just enough money to provide for the wants of the household that one day, she fled away from those who were listening to

her in delight and amazement, and returned home so quickly that it became an absolute necessity for her to resume her terrible task on this next evening, by which time her slender supply was again exhausted.

There had been a brilliant sunset, for it was one of those exceptionally warm spring days which sometimes give us a foretaste of high summer in April; and May Bathurst sat at the open window of her drawing-room enjoying the soft air and rainbow hues of the calm western sky, all the more keenly that they contrasted so favourably with the tumult and dust of the streets below.

Grosvenor Place was, however, more quiet at that hour than at any other, as it was the time when most persons belonging to the fashionable world were at dinner. Mrs. Leigh and her niece did not go into society at all, on account of Mr. Bathurst's recent death; but Sydney very willingly accepted the invitations which poured in upon him, as soon as his arrival in London was known, and he dined out regularly every day, so that May and her aunt were alone, as they generally were in the evening.

Mrs. Leigh was seated in her easy chair at the other end of the room, busily engaged on some charitable work, and bearing as usual on her placid face the impress of that perfect peace which she carried with her wherever she went, because of the loving, changeless trust in which her heart rested so securely; while May, in her place at the open window, had her hands folded on her lap, and was apparently quite unoccupied. In reality, however, her mind was deeply engaged with the subject which always engrossed her, when Sydney Leigh was not present to absorb her attention. This was her earnest desire to make her life useful to her fellow-creatures, and to work for her Divine Master in the persons of his poor. Every day since her marriage with Sydney had been finally arranged, she became more and more anxious to give definite shape to her plans, and to begin practically to carry them into effect, quite unaware, in her unconscious self-deceit, that she was but trying to weave a glittering veil of zealous charity wherewith to hide from her own eyes the subtle betrayal of her highest allegiance which was involved in her devotion to her earthly love. Many fair schemes she had, not only for the relief of the poor in her neighbourhood, but also for visiting hospitals and prisons, where she might make her fortune available among the unhappy inmates, and labour for their healing both in soul and body.

While she sat silent, deeply pondering on these matters, she was awakened out of her abstraction by a sound which so fascinated her attention that all other thoughts were completely put to flight; for suddenly through the quiet evening air there rose up the tones of a clear young voice, so fresh, so pure, so wondrously sweet, that May hung breathless on every note, and could almost have fancied that some

angel, singing high up in the blue heaven, was sending down echoes of unearthly melody to charm the weary world.

May Bathurst had heard all the most famous singers of the day, for she was passionately fond of music, and her father had given her every opportunity of gratifying her taste in this respect; but never, even amongst the most highly cultivated musicians, had she heard anything to equal the exquisite beauty of the rich melodious tones that now floated up to her, clear and distinct from their very sweetness, through all the noise and traffic of the streets. Nor was it only the matchless voice, but the high training and perfectly refined taste of the singer that struck her with such astonished admiration, while the peculiarly pathetic tone that thrilled in every note seemed to go straight to her heart. The song appeared to come from the pavement below her windows, but she could not for a moment suppose it was produced by an ordinary street-singer. The perfectly pure intonation, the skilled harmony, could only have been acquired by one in the upper ranks of society, and she listened with increasing wonder and delight to the soft, sweet strain, till the last lovely note seemed to die away in tremulous sadness amid the half-hushed tumult of the street; for all who could pause to hear the wondrous tones had done so, and even carters had stopped their lumbering drays and butchers' and bakers' boys their vans, to listen, in stolid amazement, to sounds that would have charmed the most fastidious taste.

"Oh, aunt!" exclaimed May, "did you ever hear anything so perfectly lovely? Where can it possibly come from?"

"It is beautiful, indeed!" said Mrs. Leigh, who had let her work fall from her hands as she leant forward to catch every note. "Surely it cannot be a mere street-singer, and yet it seems to come from the open air; look out, dear child, and try if you can see her."

May started from her seat, and leaning over the railing of the narrow balcony which ran along the outside of the windows, she looked eagerly down to the spot whence the sound seemed to have proceeded, and at once saw the object of her search. Standing motionless just outside the edge of the pavement, was the slender, graceful figure of a young girl, surrounded by a number of persons of all classes, whom her wonderful singing had attracted from various quarters.

Nothing could be more simple and unassuming than her appearance, and her straw hat was carefully drawn down so as to conceal her face, though it could not quite cover the bright hair glittering beneath it; but there was an unmistakable refinement in her whole air and manner, as she stood with her little white hands tightly clasped together as in pain, which made her position as a singer in the public streets seem strangely incongruous.

May watched the girl eagerly, and saw that as the people pressed upon her, she glanced from side to side like a startled fawn that sees itself surrounded by enemies, and once or twice she made a movement as if to escape with all her speed from the place; but some thought seemed always to check her in her flight. At last, almost like one desperate, she suddenly lifted up her head, and let her glorious voice thrill once more through the evening air in all its beauty and pathos.

There was a murmur of satisfaction from the crowd, which became larger every moment, and as the song proceeded the rough people thronged round her closer and closer, till at last some of them almost touched her. A sickening terror seemed to seize upon her, the sweet, clear notes began to tremble, then grew low and feeble, and at last died away almost in a sob. She tried to shrink back from the crowd, but found herself hemmed in on every side. Suddenly she threw out her hands as if to seek for a support, moved forward with an unsteady step, then tottered, and would have fallen if some of the persons standing nearest to her had not caught her in their arms.

In an instant May Bathurst, not waiting even to speak to her aunt, had flown across the drawing-room, and down the stairs to the outer door. At the moment when she reached the hall, her old butler, Stevens, and the footman, were just passing through it with the tea-tray, which they were taking up-stairs.

"Come and help me, Stevens," exclaimed May; "a lady has fainted just at our door."

It did not occur to her that there was anything strange in her qualifying the street-singer as a lady, so entirely had the young girl's appearance impressed her with the belief that she could be nothing else.

Stevens at once hurried into the dining-room, deposited his tea-tray on the sideboard, and then followed his young mistress, who, without the smallest hesitation had opened the front door, and run down the steps into the midst of the crowd, with no other covering to her head than her soft brown hair, and with the open sleeves of her evening-dress falling back from her round white arms. Stevens was well accustomed to Miss Bathurst's independence of action, but this proceeding somewhat shocked his sense of propriety, and he hurried to her side as fast as he could.

Irene Clive lay back in the arms of a rough carter as if she were dead, her head drooping on her breast, so that her face was concealed.

"Let me have her," exclaimed May to the man, "this is my house; she had better be carried in there, and I will take care of her."

"Ay, ay;" said the carter, willingly yielding up his light burden to Stevens, who stepped forward and took the young girl in his arms; "that'll be best for her, no doubt. She got skeered like, with us all crowding round her. She aint fit to sing in

the streets, she aint," and his eyes followed her with a look of commiseration as the butler carried her into the house.

May ran lightly up the steps after him, and as Irene was borne over the threshold she told the footman to close the door. This was done at once, and Sydney Leigh's promised bride was shut in with the unknown stranger, who seemed as it were to have been suddenly cast down at her very feet.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHAT if May Bathurst could have known who it was whom she had thus taken into her life! What if she could have guessed that the fair fragile girl, whom the old servant was carrying tenderly along, with her fair hair trailing over his arm, was to bring a darkness as of death into her heart, and for ever destroy all that had been hope or joy to her on earth! Would she have flung her out again if she had known it? would she have shut her door, as against a murderer, upon this girl, who was coming in to kill her happiness at one cruel blow—to poison the cup of mortal bliss that was almost at her lips—to quench every ray of sunshine on her path, and blast the fair flowers that were blossoming now beneath her feet, as she walked on towards the goal of all her longings and desires?

If the question had really been asked of May in that hour, and she could suddenly have seen in prophetic vision all the utter anguish that would be inflicted on her by her unconscious guest, it might have been scarcely possible for her human heart to have resisted the impulse to save herself from such intolerable pain, while yet a rescue from her doom was possible; but if at the close of her life, when she had accomplished her destiny, when she had passed through her appointed discipline, when she had been *TRIED* as it were seven times in the fire, and had come out of the scorching furnace purified and white—true at the last—if in that supreme moment she had been asked if she regretted that she had not barred her door against Irene Clive, and driven her away from before her face for ever, she would have answered, No! She would have said that the woman who seemed her worst enemy had really been as an angel sent from heaven in disguise, to tear away the delusive veil that lay between her heart and God, to shiver into atoms the idol that hid from her the face of Christ, to fling her down at the pierced feet of her first pure Love, torn and bleeding with many wounds, but true and faithful, no longer self-deceived, the single-hearted servant of that Lord, who can be rightly worshipped only in absolute, uncompromising truth.

But for May, as for each one of us, the impenetrable future rose up like a black wall before her eyes, hiding all on the other side, and she went

blindly on to meet the destiny that lay at her feet, in the shape of this unconscious girl still sunk in her death-like faint.

Stevens had placed Irene on a low couch in the dining-room, and May flinging herself down on her knees beside her, loosened the cloak which was fastened round her neck, and took off the hat which had fallen forward on her face. As she did so, even her anxiety for the recovery of the strange singer could not prevent her from pausing a moment in utter amazement at the extraordinary beauty that was thus revealed to her. Irene's long hair, released from the ribbon of her hat, rolled down in its shining masses to the floor, and the almost transparent texture of the white garment which she wore under her scarlet jacket, showed the graceful curves of her slender throat and the delicacy of her perfectly-formed hands and arms. But it was the lovely face, with its dazzling fairness of complexion and classical symmetry of feature, which riveted May Bathurst's astonished gaze, and caused even the old servant to exclaim, "Well, she is a beauty! to be sure."

There was no indication of illness or pain on Irene's countenance, for she had fainted chiefly from exhaustion and want of food, combined with a sudden terror of the rough crowd that surrounded her, and as she lay there, so fair and sweet, in her pretty Greek dress, May could not help thinking she was just like the fairy princess in the charming old story of the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood, and marvelled more than ever what could possibly have induced such a one as she was to lower herself by singing in the public streets.

It was high time, however, to try and restore her to consciousness, and having sent for some eau-de-Cologne, May began to bathe Irene's face and hands with it, wetting her lips at the same time with a little wine. Gradually these measures took effect. She gave a faint fluttering sigh, and then very slowly the white fringed lids were lifted up, and the large innocent blue eyes shone out upon May Bathurst with a look of complete bewilderment.

"Oh, you lovely child," thought May as she saw the sweet face thus lighted up by the wide-open eyes, and she watched her in silence for a moment, as Irene's glance wandered round the room and finally came back to fasten on herself in a gaze of timid surprise.

"Do you feel better now?" said May, very gently.

"Yes, thank you," replied Irene, with a voice so feeble that May could scarcely hear her. "But how, why?"—She seemed to have hardly strength to finish her question.

"You fainted quite close to my door, and I was so glad to bring you here, that you might have time to recover; but you seem so weak—will you try to take a little tea?" and at a sign from Miss Bathurst, Stevens brought her a cup from the sideboard, and then discreetly retired, as he saw that the strange

young lady glanced at him in evident shyness and alarm.

May raised the beautiful head on her arm and held the cup of tea to Irene's pale lips, and as she drank it a faint tinge of colour stole into her cheek, and she was able to raise herself up a little and thank May with a faint smile; but still she seemed bewildered.

"I fainted, and you kindly brought me here," she said slowly; "but why did I come so far from home?" Then suddenly a recollection seemed to strike her, her whole face became dyed with a vivid crimson, and hiding it in her hands, she burst into tears, exclaiming, "Oh, I remember—I remember it all!"

"You were singing," said May, half hesitating, from the fear of paining the girl by recalling the fact, and yet feeling very anxious to understand her strange position; "and I think the people frightened you by crowding round you."

"Oh yes, it was dreadful! I felt ready to sink into the earth. I can never do it again after to-night—never—never; and yet my father, my poor father, what is to become of him?" and she bent down her head quite unable to restrain her tears.

May longed to comfort her, but with her usual delicacy she shrank from probing too closely the cause of her guest's evident distress, or from offering charity to one whom she could not doubt was in the same rank of life as herself, however unfortunate her circumstances might be for the time. Irene, however, did not long indulge in grief; suddenly lifting up her head, she looked round almost wildly, saying, "I must go back to my father at once; he is so ill, and there is only my poor Greek nurse with him, I ought not to linger here," and she made an effort to rise to her feet; but although the tea had refreshed her, she was still very faint, and in spite of herself she sank back on the pillow, saying, "What shall I do! how can I ever reach home?"

"If you must go, you shall have my carriage to take you there, you certainly cannot walk," said May; "but I wish you would rest a little longer, you are not fit to move."

"Thank you very much," said Irene; "but indeed I must go back to my father as quickly as I can, he has been growing worse all day; I would never have left him, but that I felt I must try to—" She stopped herself abruptly; she could not bear to let this strange lady know the distress they were in at her wretched home, lest it might seem as if she were asking help, but May's quick instincts supplied the rest of the sentence.

Whatever was the cause of the poor girl's position, she could not doubt that she had been driven to sing in the streets in order to provide her dying father with the necessaries she had no other means of procuring, and starting from her kneeling position by Irene's side, she said, "You shall go at once if you wish it, but just wait one moment till I order the

carriage," and ran out of the room. Having told Stevens to send for the little brougham she kept for her own private use when she wanted to execute any of her charitable errands, she asked the housekeeper to fill a basket with every delicacy which could tempt a sick person's appetite, and finally told her maid to bring her hat and mantle down to the dining-room, as she was going out, and then she sped back to her guest, in whom she was already beginning to feel the most vivid interest. She found Irene trying with trembling hands, to gather up the waving masses of her long hair and make herself ready to go home, though still evidently feeling very weak.

"You must let me dress you," said May, smiling kindly at her, "for I am sure you are not fit to do anything for yourself at present," and very gently she arranged the beautiful hair, and drew the young girl's cloak carefully round her.

"How good and kind you are," said Irene, looking at her gratefully; "I cannot thank you enough."

"You must not thank me at all," said May, brightly; "it is a great pleasure to be of use to you. I only wish you were not obliged to leave me so soon."

"It is on account of my father," said Irene, deprecatingly; "you do not know how ill he is; I have the saddest fears for him."

"Has he been ill long?"

"Oh yes, for months; and not ill only, but so unhappy—so disappointed!" and her voice shook with emotion.

"And is there no one but you to take care of him?"

"Only myself and Xanthi, my Greek nurse, and she cannot speak English, or be of much use to him, nor, indeed, can I help him really; I can only sit by his bed and see him suffer. It is so sad, and now it will be worse than ever, for I cannot sing again—oh, I cannot!" and she shuddered.

"No, I am sure you must not," said May; "much as I should like to hear your splendid voice again, it must not be in that way. But I hear the carriage driving to the door. Now, do you know I am going

with you, for I am sure you are not well enough to go alone?"

"Oh, thank you so much!" said Irene; and then, her pale cheek flushing, she added, "but I think you ought not to come, you do not know what a wretched place my home is."

"I know that you are in sorrow and anxiety, and if only I can comfort you, you may be quite sure I shall care for nothing else."

With a sudden childlike impulse, Irene threw her arms round Miss Bathurst's neck, and exclaimed, "How I should like to tell you everything, if I could be certain you would not think I wished you to help us!"

"You sweet child," said May, clasping the little clinging hands in her own, "I shall not misunderstand you, I am sure, and I hope you will tell me all your troubles without hesitation."

Stevens now came in to announce the carriage, and to ask if Miss Bathurst would please to allow him to go with her instead of the footman. May agreed with a smile, for she saw that the good old servant was not disposed to trust her without his protection in such localities, as she would probably have to pass through before she could reach the home of a street-singer.

Irene rose, and as she turned to leave the house where she had been so hospitably received, she thanked May once more for all her kindness with so much grace and sweetness, that the old butler, aristocratic as were his ideas, felt convinced that she was, as he expressed it to himself, "a born lady," and he handed her into the carriage with almost as much care as he bestowed on Miss Bathurst herself. And soon the two girls, the one so rich and the other so poor, were being borne side by side through the streets of London, little thinking how soon May, with all her fortune, would become more utterly destitute of that which she alone valued, than the veriest beggar on the face of the earth, while Irene, in her poverty, would be endowed to her heart's content with priceless treasures which no wealth could buy

(To be continued.)

THE DANGER OF PRIVILEGE.

BY THE REV. GEO. A. CHADWICK, M.A.

"Ye will not come unto me, that ye may have life."



One can look at the Jewish race, as it exists around us, without profound and melancholy emotion. Like the poor disappointed girl in the tale who, till her life's end, waits and dresses for her bridal day, so year by year, and century by century, Judaism vainly waits for her long-invoked Messiah. And as the

things of common life affected that crazed imagination less than the things of long ago, so Judaism lives in the past, in dreams, in bygone glories and bygone institutions, and in rites and ceremonies of which the reality and life are long departed.

And when we ask, *Why* this ruin of so great a people? why this delusion of a race so mighty as

to have survived eighteen centuries of persecution, scorn, and despair? an easy answer is returned: "This is the vengeance of God on the rejectors of Jesus Christ." True, yet not the whole truth. We should learn much, and much that is most instructive, by asking one question more: *Why* did they reject him? How is it that when he came to his own, his own received him not? What brought blindness upon Israel, when they who sat in darkness saw a great light? The reason was not what the world calls vice; for the nations around were far worse than their vilest, and among themselves, past depravity was not the measure of insensibility to the Gospel tidings. Nor was it carelessness; for Paul bears witness that they had a zeal towards God. Nor was it want of privilege and Divine help, since God chose them from among the nations, set his love on them, gave them statutes whereby a man might live, sent them prophets, revealed to them in solemn type and sacred symbol the truths he has shown openly to us. When the apostle asks, "What advantage then hath the Jew, or what profit is there of circumcision?" he promptly answers, "Much every way." But their very helps and privileges became snares to them. They forgot that types enclosed a deeper meaning, that prophets pointed forward, that weighty opportunities were counterpoised by heavy responsibilities. They acted like foolish princes and kings, who forget that lofty rank brings equal duties, and so make themselves immortal examples of shame and disgrace instead of glory.

The verse which heads this paper has a context that represents Christ complaining of this fault. He blames them for leaning on privileges they did not use, thinking they had already had eternal life from Scriptures they would not search, or only searched to no effect, and thus losing sight of the living Saviour, from whom only comes the bread of life. "*Search the Scriptures,*" says the previous verse, "for in them ye believe that ye have eternal life;" as if mere books can do anything to save, apart from the truths or persons they teach of; as if the intention of these were not to testify of Christ, to be a finger-post instead of a refuge. Yet this deluded people rested in the belief that there was nothing further to which they should be helped and guided, and so would not come to Christ, that they might have the life which they thought they had received already.

Plainly, then, we should beware, lest even good gifts keep us from Him who alone is good. It may be that our chief danger, like theirs, comes not from bad but from useful things. There is much said in Scripture about the danger of a deceived heart. Now, drunkenness, dishonesty, falsehood, intrigue, and self-seeking do not deceive hearts; they take them by assault. Satan does

not trouble himself to delude the votaries of this life, because they are already entangled in his nets. But when his meshes begin to break—when one comes to himself, remembering his misery and his Father's house, and crying, "I perish for hunger"—then comes the time for treachery. Then Satan is transformed from a tyrant, who dragged the victim of his fury captive and enchained, into an angel of light; and he uses for his accursed ends, no longer divers lusts and pleasures, but churches and sacraments and Scriptures. We are reminded that we have Bibles and read them; that we "garnish the sepulchres of the prophets," or, what is just the same, love to exalt the fathers, the reformers, the martyrs; that we wait upon the ordinances of religion; that we sing hymns for God as readily as songs for our friends; that we enjoy sermons and criticise them: that we give money to religion; that we attend the communion with a most decorous appearance of devotion; that we belong to a respectable church party, and back it up, perhaps in wrong things as well as right; and are as noisy about our new Christian privileges as they were about theirs who said, "The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord are we." Satan will endeavour to persuade us that in rites and ceremonies, in truths apprehended, or other good gifts of God or plausible deeds of our own, we have eternal life. "Be content," he will say, "religion is no more than this."

But the way to avoid false notions of such things is to lay a firm grasp upon the true notion. *All good things are witnesses to Christ.* Even secular benefits, such as rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling the heart with joy and gladness, are gifts whereby God leaves not himself without a witness. Much more, any inclination within us to help the needy, to reform our lives, to be pure and good and true and tender, as it comes from above, so does it testify to a purer life which we may live; yet not *we*, but Christ may live it within us. So are the sacraments voices that proclaim to us from Christ himself our right, our vocation, our bounden duty to be God's child, to feed on Christ in our hearts. And what is it to take part in the services of God's holy house? Surely we are blind indeed if we sing, "Thou art the King of glory, O Christ," or, "Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin," unless our hearts go with our words, unless Christ is glorious indeed in our eyes, and we honestly expect him, and him only, to save us from temptation. Strange that men can perform so hollow a mockery, and dream that in so doing they serve God and are safe. As for those who read their Bibles for the reading's sake, without listening to its teaching, without beholding the Lamb whom every page portrays, their trust would seem to be in paper and printer's ink, and it is just as rational as the old idea that one may

govern the devil by repeating the Lord's prayer—backwards! Who, then, was Paul? or who was Apollos? or what is now the inspired writing (any more than formerly the inspired utterance) of an apostle, but a minister, an instrument—blessed and God-given, yet still an instrument—by which we believe? And when we make them saviours instead of teachers, the apostle seems to cry out a second time, "Is Paul crucified for you?"

And still, as in old days, the greatest mischief of these false trusts is that they prevent us from coming to our Lord, who can give us life indeed. It is not to any doctrine or system or creed that Christ links the supreme gift. It is to himself; and (as in our verse) to come to him was to "have life," even before the clear doctrine of his death and resurrection was unfolded. Once, seeing that faith which uncovered the roof above him, and let down a sick man through the opening, he said, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee," not because any of the company had foretold his death, but because they had confidence in his goodness. Here, however, it is necessary that we should be very guarded. Now that the life and death, the person and objects of our Saviour are so fully revealed to us, we cannot reject this revelation and yet believe in the true Christ of history; we can at best only trust some idea of our own, mutilated and distorted, constructed by our own caprice or wilfulness or intellectual pride. Nevertheless, the fact is instructive that belief in Christ himself was accepted, apart from a clear understanding of his work, when such belief was practicable. And at this day, while true belief in Christ will justify itself by all that he is, and all that he has done, yet it will not be trust in deeds apart from the Doer, but in him—the loving, tender, suffering, and human—the glorious, all-prevailing, all-worthy, and divine Worker of the works. We believe in him, "for the work's sake," or, as he tells us is better, for his own sake. St. Paul does not say, "I determined to know nothing among you save the crucifixion of Jesus Christ," but, "I determined to know nothing among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified."

For, indeed, we no longer bow before One who hangs upon a cross and bleeds and dies. *No such Being anywhere exists.* We adore a Saviour triumphant and enthroned, crowned with many crowns. If we had seen him in his exposure and abasement, God grant we might have worshipped even at his bleeding feet. But, in fact, this is not what we are called to do; we are to trust him—him only—him as he is to-day, filled full of power and life and love, "given to be Head over all things to the Church, which is his body."

"Saviour, lo! to Thee we bow;
Thou art Lord, and only Thou—
Thou the woman's promised seed,
Glory of Thy Church and Head."

With him there is mercy, and with him plenteous redemption; and still, as of old, even they who tremble and are afraid, if they have touched but the hem of his garment, are made whole.

One word about the object for which Christ complained that men would not come to him. It was, that they might have life. Now life is a personal desire, and this verse seems to answer the high-flown assertion that our religion must be inspired by the loftiest and most generous motive—that Christ will only receive those who feel sin to be hateful in the abstract, and holiness to be lovely in itself. But we are fallen creatures, who must receive help long before we can even appreciate that in which the help so given will find its consummation. Christ is content to take those who merely "flee from the wrath to come," or seek "bread enough and to spare," and to enlighten and train them until they do see at last the beauty of holiness and the exceeding sinfulness of sin. Therefore he invites them to receive this benefit—"Life." He says not here, as elsewhere, "life eternal;" he speaks, not merely of life which shall endure, but of life which may be a reality even now.

For none other than its possessor truly lives. The paralytic, whose ideas are bounded by his room, whose deepest indignation is the personal pettishness of a child, whose best pleasure is in the savoury meat which his soul loves, while the pulse of the world's tide and the booming of its billow never smite his ear nor agitate his soul—he does not live, he vegetates. Even so, personal intrigue and selfish indulgence are not life. The soul is paralysed, and its sick-room is the world of sense; its thoughts are not winged to the throne of God; the abysses of death and eternity are not sounded; the love of God does not warm or expand or invigorate it. It is oppressed by the fabled "nightmare, Life in death, that thickens men's blood with cold."

To be melted in contrition, restored by pardon, purified by grace; to wage great wars against wicked spirits; to win great victories by the help of wonderful allies; to be thrilled by the knowledge of an awful doom escaped, and excited and kindled by the prospect of a magnificent prize; to have revealed by the Spirit to our listening spirits things unknown to eye or ear or heart—this is to live, and nothing less than this. "He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."

THE TEMPEST-TOSSED.

"There shall be no more sea."—Rev. xxi. 1.

THEY noticed it in his boyhood,
The flashing of the eye,
The passionate quivering nostril,
The bearing proud and high.

They said it betokened a spirit
Lofty, and pure, and free;
Of all that the bud gave promise,
In the blossom they should see.

But many a bud doth perish
In a wild and early spring,
And excess of the rain that should nourish
To many doth injury bring.

Was there too speedy fulfilment
Of the growing spirit's need,
Its tenement's swift expansion,
Leaving it too much freed?

Was this why, with manhood's passions,
He was left with his childhood's will;
Why the bud's bright early promise
The blossom did ne'er fulfil?

Did the spirit quit its bondage,
While the will was not yet mature?
Did the vessel loose its mooring,
With the rudder insecure?

Oh, say not that strength was betokened
By the fiery flash of the eye,
It might claim a closer kindred
With the child's impetuous cry.

With a nature grand and noble,
With its passions deep and strong,

With a will whose growth was stunted
He had surely been wrecked ere long.

But when through the land re-echoed
The shout and the battle-cry,
The weak one found salvation
Where the strong but learned to die.

* * * * *

'Twas the night before the struggle,
And exposed to the cold bleak air,
There lay on the damp earth sleeping
A youth serene and fair.

Through all that day they had watched him,
So cheerful and calm and strong,
With a courage that ne'er forsook him,
Though the march was hot and long.

On the morrow late they found him,
Peacefully sleeping once more;
He had gained a double victory,
And his life-long strife was o'er.

He had learnt his grand life-lesson
All in that short campaign,
By enforced obedience to Duty,
To acknowledge her voice again.

And the sudden passionate impulse,
That had led him at first to the fight,
Had passed into pure devotion—
Stronger than death—to the Right.

The vessel had passed through the tempest
Into waters calm and still,
And the life in a fuller existence
Might its early promise fulfil.

A. JOHNSON-BROWN.

SAYINGS ON SAYINGS.—II.

ON HARPING UPON THE SAME STRING.

"As the saying is."—Old phrase.

PAGANINI fiddled upon one string,
and excelled in what he did. But he
had more strings to his bow, upon
which he could and did fiddle with
magnificent effect when he liked.

Our text refers to moral Paganinis, who have
only one string to harp upon, but who, unfor-
tunately, cannot discourse sweet music upon it.
Such people abound. Tura which way we will,
we are for ever coming in contact with one-
stringed harpists—people who can't keep quiet,
who must pour out their ceaseless talk as mo-
notonously as a factory chimney pours out its
smoke, and sometimes with the same effect, to

blacken all around;—people whose mission in the
world seems summed up in the motto, "This one
thing I say;"—people with Cyclopean eyes, who
see themselves reflected in everything on which
their one eye, and that a jaundiced one, gazes;
—moral caterpillars, who live upon a cabbage
leaf and think it is the world!

There are whole classes of the community who
have only one string amongst them, and all harp
upon it from year's end to year's end. The *weather-
mongers* are a specimen. With an assumed air of
originality they will bother you day by day on all
occasions on the one theme, for which, to them,
all other themes were made. What is a change of



(Drawn by J. D. WATSON.)

"—Through the land re-echoed
The shout and the battle-cry"—p. 520.

ministry to them, if a change of weather has recently taken place? what care they for the outbreak of war, if there has only been a little extra wind, causing an elemental war amongst their chimney tops? There is a great mystery about these weather-mongers. They are not, perhaps, ill-feeling people, and yet their passion for the one theme overcomes even the proper display of their affection. I met a man not long ago whom I had not seen for years, and we were staunch, true friends; but I knew his weak point, and when we met, after years of separation, I had the presence of mind to launch him safely over the peril of a commonplace greeting, as I thought, by saying, "Well, old friend, it's many a long day since we shook hands."

"It is indeed," he replied, cordially grasping the proffered hand; "and how are you, and how does this weather suit you?"

I evaded the question by telling him I was very well, and had only just returned from a long residence abroad.

"Indeed; well, I'm glad to see you. Did you have pretty good weather while you were away?"

It was no use trying any more; our early friendship, the chasm of years filled up with thousands of circumstances, which would have improved and helped us both to talk about, the struggles and vicissitudes of life—what were these compared with details of chilly nights and foggy mornings?

Perhaps you may know a certain lady who gives little social evening parties, at which there is a great deal of conversation and very little else. You may remember that you were the first comer, and when she took you up-stairs to take off your bonnet, the first thing was to show you the thermometer, and to ask you if you would believe it, but it only registered 50°? And then she was anxious to know if you had not had a very cold journey and felt quite nipped up. Then when you were ready to go down she would insist upon your coming to the fire, because, "poor thing! you were perishing;" and then, after a painful little pause, she let her one great theme burst out in all its native force, as she told you how the weather had tried her, and how much better a decidedly cold day, or a decidedly windy day, was than one of these "raw-feeling" days. You tried to turn the conversation and failed, and it was a relief to you when some fresh visitors arrived, and your hostess then went over exactly the same ground with each, adding force and variety to her recitals by remarking, "I have just been saying to my dear young friend here, that these raw-feeling days are the worst we have," &c., and so on and on at intervals all through the evening until the guests began to think about leaving, and then came the expression of fear that they would have a cold ride home, and "mind you wrap up well, and next time

you come may the weather be more cheerful." Bored! horrible bores! are these weather-mongers.

Perhaps the next worst class of single-string harpists are those who have been afflicted with divers diseases, but especially rheumatism. The day when rheumatism set in is the one red-letter day in the almanack of their lives. Many a bright and sunny picture has faded from their memories; but not one day, nor one part of a day, in the history of that rheumatic bout has been lost to memory dear. Every detail, written on the blank wall of their lives, stands out in living reality, as clearly as did the handwriting on the wall of Belshazzar's palace. Not a plaster, not an embrocation, not one visit of the doctor, not a groan through all those sleepless nights, seems to have been forgotten. And, oh! what a luxury, what compensation it is for them to take hold of a button of your coat and pour into your ear the prosy details! Who wants to know all the nurse said, and all the doctor said, and what you said in reply? It's bad enough to have the rheumatism, no doubt; then why live it over again and again?

Some people date every event in life according to the illnesses they have had. "It's nine years next Friday since I had that dreadful bilious attack;" or, "The Prince of Wales was married on the 10th of March, 1863. I recollect it so well, for one of my bad headaches set in on the 9th."

In all companies, and on all occasions, the minds of some people dwell upon these painful details, and out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaks.

But the invalid talker is perhaps not a more annoying person than the travelled talker—the man who will bring his Swiss tour into every conversation, and who will persist in letting you know that nothing improves and refines more than travelling. The weather always suggests comparisons between England and the Continent; illness, in whatever form, reminds him of the people he met travelling for their health when he was abroad; and every subject—moral, political, commercial, religious, or commonplace—is but a handle for him to use in grinding out scraps of travel piecemeal. And then the air of discontent with which he regards everything considered extraordinary by those who know nothing of the Continent—how provoking it is! Music, displays of science or art, fireworks or eclipses of the sun and moon, all come under the one regret, "They manage these things so much better abroad."

Then there are the trade-talkers, men who live and move and have their being in the shop; who carry the shop with them to their homes, into the dining-room, into the drawing-room, into the bedroom; and after they have dreamed about it, back again into the breakfast-room in the morning;

who revel in the glories of it all the day and all the week, gaze on it in vision as they slumber in their pews on Sunday, take it with them in their summer rambles, and harp upon the sweet-sounding string till the Messenger comes to shut up the shop from them for ever. Every trade-talker has his particular vocabulary of slang phrases, and these, originally designed to serve the purposes of business only, enter into every other department of life. If conversation ever flags, he whips it up with a lengthy account of some fresh speculation; if it runs on too lightly, he brings his bales, or his cargoes, or his last shipping orders as ballast; if it is getting beyond him, he blocks up the thoroughfare with consignments, or summer stock, or foreign goods. Whichever way it may turn, the same string is harped upon, and when the solo ceases it is followed by a gratuitous *encore*. Painful people are these idolators of business! They will take it for granted that everybody is interested in their particular line of things, and cannot, or will not, understand that they are regarded as nuisances.

We must not pass by a large and influential class of harpists whose one string is always set to the same tune, namely, servantgalism. If at a social little dinner the hostess only gets side by side with a respectable householder, and can introduce her pet subject with the invariable, "I hope you are comfortably suited with your servants," then she is off. Servants are her great trial. Those that she would keep always fall ill or fall in love; those that she has are always breaking things, or cannot be made to understand, or are "so stupid," or so impertinent, and so on. If the unsuspecting householder allows himself to assume an appearance of interest, she then proceeds with details. "Now, would you believe it? it was the other day I said to Mary," &c. &c. At length, in despair, the respectable householder tries to turn the subject; but war news only leads up to "tiffs" below stairs; national education culminates in the influence it will have upon the future generation of servants. The late severe frosts introduce the story of how Maria would not let the taps run, and the upshot of it was that the pipes burst. The approaching spring is only suggestive of the "spring clean," and the trouble that one always has with one's domestic at such a crisis. And when the long harangue ceases, the lady rejoices in having had such a comfortable chat, and the respectable householder says in his heart, "What a woman! I wish she would discipline that unruly servant, her tongue!"

Worst of all, and largest of all as a class, are the first-personal-pronoun talkers. They are people who ought to be circumspect, for they never forget themselves; who ought not to be dull, for they are always in their own company; who should never be lonely, for they never lose sight

of themselves. In every picture of fact or fancy they see themselves in the foreground; if they read, it is only to discover their own views; if they write, it is still the same; if they talk, it is to draw attention to themselves; if they ride hobbyhorses, it is not for the sake of exhibiting the horse but the rider; if they hold truths and teachings which may benefit others, they exhibit not the truth for its own sake but as a means of reflecting the holder. All their little world centres in themselves, and they themselves are the centres of their little worlds.

We must just notice those disagreeable people who like to be called epicures. You may see them hanging about the fishmongers' and poulterers', you may see them at the railway stations with fish baskets in their hands, and follow them into the train, and you may hear them pouring into the ear of their friend the everlasting theme. Walking editions of Soyer! disciples of Heliogabalus! It is our fate to travel in the same carriage with one who, as regularly as the train starts, starts himself on his favourite topic, dilates upon the excellencies of the fish he took home last night, of the soup prepared at his suggestion which preceded it, and the game, done to a turn, which followed. It would be needless to inquire what is his god; any one with half an eye could tell. We never heard him say more than one really smart thing in all his life, and that bore upon his one crochet. A gentleman in the train was telling of a circumstance which had occurred in his family, and would probably lead to the dismissal of his cook. It was a case which demanded the interference of the epicure; it touched him in his tenderest sensibilities, and taking the hand of his friend, he said, with the solemnity which, to his view of things, the occasion demanded, "My dear sir, reconsider the question; much depends upon it; and let me recommend to you a course which I hold as a maxim: never dismiss a good cook for anything short of wilful murder!"

One-stringed crochets! Mr. A. has got the idea that when Napoleon surrendered at Sedan it was only a ruse in order that he might eventually head the prisoners captured by the Prussians, and return with them in triumph to re-possess the throne of France. It was his idea—his one idea—and every incident throughout the war was bent or warped or broken to fit in with it.

Mr. B. entertains the idea, and he thinks the idea entertains others, that England will sink again into heathendom, because laymen are allowed to undertake duties which Mr. B. considers belong exclusively to the clergy.

Messrs. C. and D. and E., and a hundred more have their one idea, their one pet crochet, their one-stringed harp, and how sedulously they play!

The song of the cuckoo is pleasant, to hear it once and again as it ushers in the spring, but it grows terribly monotonous to hear it for months together. Napoleonic strategy, or lay agency, is very well to hear about and then pass on to something else; for the universe teems with fresh material for thought, and the incidents of a day will furnish fruitful studies for a life; but to live with one idea is to debase the intellect which God has given, and to narrow the universe into a nutshell.

The poet speaks of one

"Who went a-whistling for the want of thought;"

and many talk for the self-same reason.

Idle words! What says the old Book upon this theme? Is it too abrupt a turn of the pen to write such solemn words as these? "I say unto you, That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."

For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

Idle words; what are they? Words that do no work; that serve no grand or noble end; that do not make the world wiser or better—words that hold nothing in them; that have no mission; that are all husk and no seed—words

"Not more distinct from harmony divine
The constant creaking of a country sign."

Brethren, let us think more earnestly of the wonderful faculty of speech. "Death and life are in the power of the tongue." Our words should be "thoughts incorporated; fitted for active service, going out armed to their work, bearing the sword or the olive leaf, winning or assaulting, attacking or repelling all they meet. We marshal them, and they are a mighty host. Single, they may be Goliaths; united and multiplied, they may be a phalanx."

SONNET.

TO-NIGHT, sit by my fading fire alone,
Musing upon my lonely latter years,
And the great griefs that I therein have known.

Sad thoughts come with the mastery of tears:
And more than ever now my life seems one

Scarce worth the living; and my tearful Past
To a more tearful Future hands me on,

Henceforth with her to wander to the last.
Yet though the worst comes, and resplendent Hope
Wholly withdraws her gleaming orb so fair,
Already, like the moon in yonder cope,
Waned to a crescent, I will not despair.
Despair I will not, whatso'er befall,
But own God's providence, and bear with all.

JAMES DAWSON, JUN.

THE MASTER'S CALL.*—I.

AN ADDRESS TO CHILDREN. BY THE LATE REV. W. B. MACKENZIE, M.A., VICAR OF ST. JAMES'S, HOLLOWAY.

"And when she had so said, she went her way, and called Mary her sister secretly, saying, The Master is come, and calleth for thee. As soon as she heard that, she arose quickly, and came unto him."—John xi. 28, 29.

AND would to God that his Spirit may now enable me to prevail on some of you to come to him likewise! Then would you, for ever, remember this as the happiest hour of your whole life.

For what, think you, is the event which bright spirits now in glory remember with deepest gratitude and most adoring wonder? Doubtless the chiefest subject of rapturous conversation among the spirits of the blest in heaven is the love of Christ in bringing them there; this claims the first place. But there is another subject which is never absent from the minds of yonder saints before the throne, and that is, the time, the place,

the means by which God's Holy Spirit brought them first to Jesus. And may we not hope that this sermon shall be an episode, a crisis, in the history of some immortal souls, to which, throughout an eternity of glory, you will point, and say, "Then was my wicked course first checked, heavenly light broke upon my dark path, I saw my ruin, my heart melted within me. Then first did I pour forth the bitterness of my soul in prayer. I waited patiently for the Lord; he healed my broken heart, and brought me safe to Jesus!" And why may not this be done? All things are now ready! There is no hindrance, Jesus is here, come to claim every heart for himself; the Holy

* By the kindness of the daughter of the late distinguished preacher and writer, the Rev. William B. Mackenzie, we shall be enabled, from time to time, to insert some of the best of his sermons and articles hitherto unpublished. The present address was delivered at Bristol, in the year 1837.—Ed. Q.

Spirit is here to strive with you; the Father is here to welcome your return. "This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

Let me now recall to your memories the narrative with which our text is connected. You remember that in the village of Bethany there lived a pious family, whom our blessed Lord often visited, whom he loved very dearly, and who dearly loved him. This family was Lazarus and his two sisters, Martha and Mary. While Jesus was in Galilee, a long way from Bethany, Lazarus was taken very ill; and, as people who love the Lord always do, these sisters sent word to Jesus. Let me assure you, when sickness or trouble comes into your home, the Lord Jesus will be glad if you send word to him. Go to your own room, and shut the door, and then pour out the stream of your wants and fears to Jesus, whose ears are always open to your cries. When Jesus heard of the illness of Lazarus, he knew that it would be far better *not* to come and cure him. No doubt Martha and Mary would very earnestly expect his coming, as they watched by the bedside of their dying brother, and would often send out to ask if they could see any signs of Jesus coming along the road. But no; their brother is getting worse and worse every day, and yet Jesus does not come. At last Lazarus is beyond all hope of recovery; he languishes; he dies.

Now Jesus had told his disciples, when first he heard of the illness of Lazarus, that it was all intended for some very wise and gracious purpose, though he did not tell them what; and you may be quite sure if you will love Jesus, as Lazarus and his sisters did, that if trouble of any kind comes to you, or even if you or some of your friends are called to die, it is "for the glory of God, that the Son of God may be glorified thereby." However, after the funeral of Lazarus, Jesus does go to Bethany to see these sorrowing sisters; and I must tell you, that though, for very wise reasons, Jesus does not prevent his children dying, but allows dear relations to be parted, yet he is sure to come and comfort the survivors. He will not leave them to mourn alone. Though a bereaved family may feel sorrow upon sorrow, and think that Jesus has forgotten them, yet sooner or later, in his own good time, he, the "Father of mercies and God of all comfort," is sure to say, "Let us go to Bethany." In a short time Jesus was heard of, entering the village. It seems that only Martha heard the news at first. She left the house, and met the Lord; then, after some conversation showing how true children of God ought to regard the death of believing relations, the Lord bids her go home and call her sister. "And she went her way, and called Mary her sister secretly, saying, The Master is come, and calleth for thee. As soon as

she heard that, she arose quickly, and came unto him." Notice:—

I. *The great and important message which was sent.* "The Master is come."

II. *The personal demand of Jesus.* "He calleth for thee."

III. *The ready obedience of Mary.* "As soon as she heard that, she arose quickly, and came unto him."

I. *The message* is a message which Jesus himself sends. At Bethany he bid Martha carry it; now he bids me, as his minister, to proclaim to every one of you, "The Master is come."

1. *Where does he come from?* From heaven; from the glory which he had with the Father before the world began; from angels who ever adored him, to men who would not receive him; from happiness, he came to misery; from listening to the songs and praises of holy spirits, he came to bear the sins and share the sorrows of this evil world.

2. *Who is he?* The Lord of glory; he who made the earth, the sea, the hills, who lighted up the sun, who created the moon; "he made the stars also;" "in him we live, and move, and have our being;" "God over all, blessed for evermore."

3. *How is he come?* In the form of a servant. He has laid aside his crown and his glory, and is become "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief;" a lamb, silent before her shearer.

4. *Where is he come?* To the manger at Bethlehem; to the garden of Gethsemane, where he sweat great drops of blood; to the hall of Pilate, where they tried him, scourged his bleeding limbs, pierced his temples with a crown of thorns, weighed down his fainting strength with the heavy burden. Where is he come? To Calvary; where, nailed to the bloody cross, in darkness and mockery, he dies.

5. *Why does he come?* Not for himself; he gained no additional happiness by coming. He was supremely blessed in eternal glory, without coming at all. He might most justly have said, "No, I will not come: men have sinned against me without a cause. They shall perish,—I will be glorified." Jesus might most righteously have said so, and if he had, perish we must, every one of us. There had been nothing before you or me, but a "fearful looking for of judgment." It was nothing but his great love to man that made him come; he saw we must perish; the wrath of God would abide on us for ever; it were impossible to escape. But Jesus said, "Lo, I come! I will be the ransom. I will lay aside my crown. I will leave my throne. I will become a man; and, to save those perishing creatures, I will endure their sorrows, bear their sins, their curse; I will die, that they may live." And, blessed be God, the Master is come, to satisfy God's justice, to magnify his law, to reconcile us

to the Father, to open again the kingdom of heaven to fallen man. And now "it is finished." The price is paid.

Every one of your souls and bodies is, therefore, the property of Jesus. You are bought by him. He came only on your account. He had no other business to do, but only to save you. You were perishing, little as you may think about it, perishing for ever. If Jesus had not come in great pity, you most certainly would have sunk into eternal ruin. But then his way of making you safe and happy was to buy you. He made you his own property. You belong to Jesus. He lays his gracious hand on every one of you, and says, "Thou art mine; I bought thee; I laid down my life as the price." There is not one omitted. Jesus points to every brother, sister, child; he speaks to each. "I thought of thee before thou wast born. I saw that unless I came myself to save thee, thy precious soul must perish for ever. I thought of thee when I was in the garden; I

prayed for thee when I was in that agony, and my limbs were bathed in blood; I thought of thee when they nailed me to the cross; thou wast in my mind during the six long hours that I hung there in pain, and mockery, and death. When I bid my apostles 'feed my lambs,' still I had thee in view. And now the time is come. Now the effect of all my anxious thought, and agony, and prayers will be seen. I have bidden my ministers to tell thee—thee for whom I bled and died—that thou art mine. I have bought thee; I have set my heart upon thee; I want to have thee with me in glory, that I may make thee unutterably happy; I want to place thee on a throne by my side, and put a starry crown upon thy head, so that all that dwell in heaven, when they look at thee, and recollect that once thou wast a poor, perishing, sinful child, but because of what I have done and suffered for thee, thou art a spirit glorified for ever, shall gaze at thee with wonder and adoring praise, and say, 'See how Jesus loved him!'"

OUR TIDY JANE.

COME along, Minnie, let us find Jane; she has gone into the garden with baby; I mean to get her to tell us a long story to-day."

"Oh yes, Charley, you know she promised to tell us her history, and why she was called Tidy Jane."

The two children here ran off into the garden in search of their good nurse, whom they soon found seated in the summer-house, looking, as usual, particularly neat and clean. She smiled as they approached her.

"Come and sit down," said Jane; "it is too warm to run about this afternoon. Where are your picture-books?"

"We know it is too warm to run about, Jane, but we want you to tell us the story about yourself, you promised us so long ago, and why you were first called Tidy Jane," said Minnie.

"Well, then, my dears, as you wish it, I will try to remember and tell you those events in my history which may interest you.

"I was only eight years of age when my first great trouble came upon me. Mother and I were gathering some fruit in our cottage garden; my poor mother was singing all the time, and was so happy, for we were expecting my dear father home from a long voyage, and we had been busy all the day making our humble home look as inviting as possible. While we were thus engaged, a neighbour came in, looking very serious, and asked my mother if she had heard of the dreadful shipwreck in the English Channel.

"No," replied she, in breathless haste, 'what ship—do you know the name of the vessel?'

"Our friend knew too well, and feared to say.

"Speak! are any saved?" cried my mother, in despair.

"Poor thing, she soon learned the fatal news. None were left to tell the tale of horror which they felt when all hopes had fled: all had sunk with the ship.

"My poor mother was dreadfully cut up. I cried with her, though I did not then know all she felt, but found that each time she looked at me and saw my tears, she cried more; so I roused myself, and tried to comfort her. She then told me that we were now very poor, that we should never go to draw my father's earnings again, and that she would have to go out to work. So we had to leave our pretty little cottage in the country, where I was born, to go and live in a large town where work could be got to do. Never shall I forget our dismal attic which we removed to. No sun ever shone upon the window, nothing could be seen but chimney-pots. But I tried to look happy for my mother's sake, till we went to bed, then I could hold out no longer, my sobs seemed as if they would choke me. For two whole days I stayed alone in that dull room waiting for my mother to come home from her work; when she did come, she looked so tired and worn, that I could not tell her how miserable I had been.

"The third night, after my mother had returned home, there was a rap at our room door; the landlady of the house had come up to ask my mother if she

wanted a place for me. At first the question seemed to startle her, and she looked quite puzzled to know what to say, at last, looking at me, she said, 'She is such a child.'

"Oh, never mind that, if her head is screwed on the right way, she can make a beginning," replied the landlady.

"Thinking any change must be better than staying at home, I urged my mother to let me go. So it was arranged that I should go to my first place; I was to have sixpence a week and my food. I did not go to sleep that night without thinking what I should do with my money, as I was told it was to be mine to do what I liked with. I took some time in counting the weeks it would take to get a pound—forty weeks then seemed to me a long time. The next morning I went to my place, and found that my work was to nurse a baby. My mistress kept a small shop, and could only spare a few minutes now and then to come in the parlour and look after the baby, so that I had to nurse it nearly all day. My arms ached dreadfully at first, but I soon got used to it. When baby went to sleep, I used to try and make the rooms look as neat as my mother's cottage used to be; but I found my task rather a difficult one, everything was so dirty, and though I knew how our place looked, I did not know how everything was made to look so bright and shining, but my mother was always ready and pleased to tell me how to do my work, so that the fire-irons soon looked a different colour, the windows bright, and the grates began to shine. My mistress quickly saw the change, and called me a good girl, at the same time giving me a shilling more than my wages. I stayed here till I was ten years old. Baby could now run about, so I was no longer required, and my mistress said she knew of a better place for me. So I went to another house to nurse another baby. This time I was to have a shilling a week. I began to think myself rich, and wondered what I should do with so much money, but did not have to wonder long, for I soon found ways enough for every penny. I was not so comfortable here as I had been in my first situation. My mistress was always scolding, and the more I tried to please, the more she scolded. I often thought she did not like to be pleased, and was cross because I tried hard to give her no chance of finding fault. She seemed to be able to trace all her troubles to me. If the baby had a cold, I had wilfully sat in a draught with it; if the chimney smoked, I had lit the fire the wrong way; if the potatoes turned black, it was all my peeling; if she tore her dress on a nail, I ought to have seen the nail and knocked it out. Many other evils of the same kind were all alike laid at my door, till I began to think I must be a very bad girl, and wondered how it was that I got on so well in my last place.

"Whenever my mistress came into the room where

I was, I became quite stupid, trembled, and was sure to do some clumsy act, just through fear, such as knocking a chair over, or spilling the baby's food. For this I was lectured well, told how wicked I was, and that I did all these things for the purpose. I grew sick at heart; at night I sobbed myself to sleep, believing myself to be a good-for-nothing girl. I was afraid to tell my poor mother how badly I got on, so said nothing, fearing every week to have notice to go; but week after week passed, and still I was kept on, my mistress told me, out of sheer pity, I have since heard that no one had ever remained there so long as I did, and that all who had served her were bad girls. My mother at last noticed that I did not look well, and questioned me; she told me to continue doing my duty, and that she would find me another place, which she soon did, in the house of a laundress where she worked. I now got sixpence per week more, and had quite a change of duties. I used to fetch and take home washing, sometimes help with the rubbing of the clothes, and kept the house clean. I had to work very hard, and went to bed very tired, but was much happier than before.

"It was in this place that I got the name of 'Tidy Jane,' so you see I have had it a great number of years. There were a great many women employed to wash and iron; anything they wanted or had mislaid, they always came to me for, so I made it a rule, after they had left each day, to put all the things in order, and where I knew I could find them at once. My poor mother was so pleased to hear the women and even my mistress calling out for Tidy Jane; I believe she was as proud of it as any fine lady would have been to have had her daughter called by a title. As for myself, I can only say, that having won the name, I tried harder than ever to keep it.

"I was determined to find a place for everything, and, no matter how I was hurried, to always put each thing in its own place. Sometimes when called I was tempted to be slovenly, and leave what I was using lying about; but soon this inclination left me, and I could not be anything but tidy. A lady came to the laundry one day, and heard one of the women shout out for 'Tidy Jane;' she smiled, and inquired if that was my name, and upon being told why I was so named, she called me to her, and spoke very kindly to me, asked my age, then told me to go on as I had begun, and that perhaps when I got older she could do something for me. I stayed four years in this place, when the same lady called again, and offered to take me into her own house, and have me taught the duties of a housemaid; so, as she kept two, I was put under the other to do all she told me. My mistress was very sorry to part with me, but said it would be better for me to go and live with the lady. My new mistress was so taken with my title (as she used to call it) that she often spoke of me in the house by it, and the little children

would often call out for 'Tidy Jane.' You may be sure that I was more anxious than ever to deserve such a name, although through it, I had some unpleasantnesses with my fellow-servants. They would sneer at and ridicule the name in my presence, often repeating it with a laugh, so that I gradually got away from them as much as I could, but began to feel lonely and unhappy.

"About three years after I had been in this situation, the nurse was discharged for keeping the children and their clothes in a slovenly condition. My kind mistress came up to me, putting her hands on my shoulders, and said, 'I want a few words with you, my tidy Jane. You know nurse is going, and why; will you take her place if I teach you her duties?'

"I hesitated for a moment, as I had always felt myself so much lower down than Mary the nurse, and was quite bewildered to think how I could in any way fill so important a place of trust. At last I managed to say, 'I should like it, ma'am, but I'm afraid—'

"Then do not fear,' said my kind mistress; 'I know you will do your best, and that is all I want.'

"And so I then became nurse to two bright pretty children. I now learned not only to mend, but to make all their clothes, and the only reward I cared for, was to see the smile of satisfaction my mistress bestowed upon me. After I had been nurse a few years, my mistress became very delicate and the doctor ordered her to travel. She parted with the dear children, leaving them solely under my care. You may be sure I was very anxious to do all that I could to deserve her kindness and confidence; but I have now to tell you of a very dreadful night we had while she was away. All in the house had gone to rest, I went round as usual to see that all the doors and windows were secured, and then went to bed. In the night I awoke suddenly, finding some difficulty in drawing my breath, struck a light, and found my room was filled with smoke. I at once blew out my candle, groped my way to the next room where the dear children slept. I was soon at their bedside, hastily dressed them, and wrapping a blanket round each, bade them follow me to the top of the house, as the smoke seemed to come from down-stairs. We soon reached the trap-door which was fastened with a padlock, but, alas! no key was there. I ran down to a draw where I kept all keys found lying about, tied together, and after trying several, found a rusty one I had picked up the day before in the garden, fitted it. After placing the dear ones quite ready to get out of the house, in case it should be necessary, I next called the servants, and urged them to be quick, as I feared a fire had broken out in the lower part of the house. Susan, the housemaid, clung to me in despair; at last she cried out, 'There is no key in the lock on the trap-door, I took it the other

night to try and open the garden gate, and I do not know what became of it.'

"Come along,' said I, 'the trap-door is already open.'

"All were soon ready, and as the gardener slept in the house he first ventured on the roof, and passing over to the next house, succeeded in awaking the servants there, who were soon ready to receive us all. One by one we were all taken safely out of the burning house. In the meantime the alarm was given that the house was filled with smoke; the firemen arrived, burst in the door, and found the ground-floor in flames. The engines were soon at work, but very little more than the walls were saved. My master was sent for, but seemed to think nothing of his losses, as his greatest treasures, his children, were saved, and as the servants were determined to give me all the credit of saving their lives, he seemed never tired of thanking me. The story of the key also came out, and poor Susan was duly lectured for her carelessness, while I was praised for picking it up and putting it where I could find it in the dark. My master gave me this gold watch; look inside the case and you will see the words written, 'Tidy Jane,' and the date of the fire, as both my master and mistress said, that if I had not taken care of the key, all our lives must have been lost, as no tools were kept up-stairs to have wrenched off such a strong padlock. Some years after this, as the young folks no longer required a nurse, I was kept to attend to my mistress and her only daughter, then a young lady of eighteen years, who was very fond of her old nurse, and, as she was going to be married, begged that I might go with her to her new home, and so I did; and here I am now, nurse to you two dear children of the young lady, and now you will always know why mamma calls me her 'Tidy Jane.'" M. N.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

158. Quote the verse in the Bible which gives us David's age.

159. Give in St. Paul's words the object of John's baptism.

160. What reason is there for supposing that the saints at Damascus had notice of Saul's mission?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 496.

150. Dan. xii. 8. "And I heard, but I understood not."

151. Isa. xxxiii. 22. "The Lord is our judge, the Lord is our lawgiver, the Lord is our king; he will save us."

152. Jer. xvii. 8, in reference to Ps. i. 3.

153. Isa. liv. 9. "This is as the waters of Noah unto me," &c.

154. Jer. xxix. 22. Ahab and Zedekiah, whom the King of Babylon took and roasted in the fire.